



**GOT DANK
MEMES?????**

**SUBMIT TO THE
OMEN**

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IN THIS ISSUE...

Speak:

Quotes and Pictures... page 4

Dead Rabbit Porn... pages 4-5

Entitled Document... page 6

Lies:

NEW and IMPROVED Humorous
Hampshire Horoscope... pages 7-8

Hate:

Free Software... page 9

Bee Movie Transcript... pages 10-back
cover

Staff Box: (In order of appearance)

Ida: None. They're all gross.

Finn: Croutons

Sarah-Marie: Baguette

Olivia: Whole-grain, fair trade, and
ethically baked

Will: Uh... I... I don't know

Sophie: Sourdough

Front Cover: Olivia Krzeminski

Back Cover: Olive G. Nixdorf

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, the Omen Office or Ida's mailbox (1240).

Policy

The Omen is a bimonthly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straight-forward policy: **we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous.** Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fanfiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

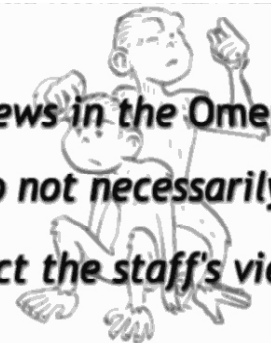
Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. **Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of The Omen, the Omen editrix, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.**

Anyone can submit to the Omen, but you can also become Omen staff! Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for meetings, which usually takes place every Thursday night in the basement of Merrill B (past the laundry room); the only permanent position is that of editrix. You should come and answer the staff question. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on every other Thursday in Saga, the post office, online at <http://expelallo.men>, and just about any other place we can find to put it.

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



EDITORIAL

Ida Kao

The Omen has been pretty text-heavy so far this year. I, for one, am rather fond of that since I am a very writing-inclined person and printing in black-and-white necessitates that sometimes. Then again, I also tire of seeing nothing but words everywhere, even if it's all in Georgia. Partly because of that, and also because I have a bazillion other things to do, I figured I will just leave an unsolicited dog pic here for everyone's enjoyment. Not an unsolicited dick pic, because who likes those?

(Also, I would also like to sincerely apologize to Olive; the Bee Movie would have made for an incredible meme to put on the back cover, but it was just too long to cram onto one page. It's still a great meme, don't get me wrong, although I hope its meme-worthiness has not been diminished by spreading it out.)



SECTION SPEAK

Will Newhall: What's the first thing that comes to mind when you think of God?

Ida Kao: Sky Daddy!

Finn: I do have morals. They're weak, but they do exist.



DEAD RABBIT PORN

Submitted by Olivia Krzeminski

Hello and welcome to the debut of Dead Rabbit Porn! My name is Olivia and I am a Leo. Join me here in The Omen for exclusive access into the mind of this here teenybopper. In regards to the name, I have no satisfying answer to how I find “Dead Rabbit Porn” to be relevant, just know that it came to me and it aligned with my soul. Moving on!

This week, I've been thinking a lot about sex, sexuality, sexiness, sex roles... Specifically, the way all of that is screwing up the dating life of this here girlie. For a number of reasons which I will not be divulging, I've recently decided to take physical interactions out of the dating equation. That's right, no cuddling or smooshing and certainly no smooching for me just yet. I felt pretty confident making the decision, but once I put it into action, a feeling of ick immediately began to haunt me. After spending a solid number of days deep in contemplation, I've identified a surfeit of worries as the source of the ick. These worries plaguing me include:

- If there's an agreement to take physical intimacy off the table with a boy, what will I have to offer him?
- If I am not attractive sexually, how am I attractive at all? How do I hold someone's interest without using my seductive charms?

- If romantic attraction is not defined through sexuality, than how is it defined?
- How will I tell how much someone dis/likes me if there are no physical interactions by which to gauge their feelings?

Great, so the conundrum is that my brain is functioning under the logic that 1.) Girls put out. He will like you if you put out. He will not like you if you don't put out. If he likes you and you're not putting out it's because he's gay. 2.) Attraction \square sex. When teenagers date there is sex/sexy stuff. Holding hands is proof of romance. Et cetera et cetera.

Why is my brain actuating the logic of a mainstream '80s creampuff? I've got four years of grimy, bloody riot grrrrl under my belt so what the fuck is going on here. It is frustrating that yet again I am finding echoes of sexist stupidity lingering in my thought patterns. I mean, the boys I'm dating are down with the no-sex plan so why am I holding on these fears that tell me "That's not how it works,"? Part of my brain refuses the possibility that someone could enjoy dating me when there is no physical viand in sight. This part of me sides with Mrs. Fitzgerald in *Ginger Snaps* when asked what boys want: "Some of them might seem cool or different, but they're all pretty much the same...". Though I've had experiences that support the opposite, I'm somehow fairly convinced that boyz are loveless sex hunters.

I mean, in the world I live in, a lot of life is about sex. No, not all of my actions are made with the goal of getting laid, but a significant amount of my existence involves trying to create and alluring aura surrounding myself (classic Leo, I know). I dye my hair purple and share music with strangers and trade books with friends and deliver plants because I enjoy it, of course, but if I'm being real here, it's also because I am trying to cultivate around me the air of a glowing, delightful, spooky, spunky, love-radiating witch. A personality that is "sexy" in that it is exciting, appealing, titillating. Even innocent acts like dousing myself in glitter or humming as I dawdle down the sidewalk are, on some level, small glammers trying to get the world to lust after me. The tree that is Sex spreads its roots into countless aspects of my life; its influence is inescapable. Ah, the plight of the teenager.

Okay, so once acknowledging that sex permeates all, it's not that suprising that my now asexual dates are throwing me for a loop. It is simply a new way of existing that I'm not familiar with. My current state of disorientation certainly isn't helped by the fact that I have no examples to model my dating after. How many teenagers are reconsidering the role of sex in their romantic life, how many college-aged couples are not having sex and are talking about it?

I'm lost, y'all. What is dating about for you? What are you looking or hoping for out of all kindsa relationships and cute-person interactions? Has anyone else stumbled upon crumbs of draconian trash hidden inside themselves? These questions are not rhetorical, please reach out with your answers. Yes, you, dear reader. Engage with a human being. I've just been excessively vulnerable; it's not so bad, give it a shot (hit me up ork19@hamp).

So, to conclude: sex ruins everything. There's no escape from brainwash. I am a living sex doll. If we ain't smoochin' how do I know he really likes me? If ur a boy and you like me please explain why. I've got a lot more thinking to do. Wowie. Life sux.

Lovingly,
Olivia \square

Entitled Document: A Short Replacement for The Bible **By Nick Nahr**

Chapter 0

The first and only precept of universal wisdom is thus: There is no universal wisdom.

The second is that any fool may make up a proverb.

Chapter 1

In the beginning, there was Nothing. This was very boring, so something was bound to happen eventually.

The first thing was nothing. The second thing was the First Thing. This was a contradiction. After all, how can $0=1$, or $1=2$?

Nothing was the first thing. The First Thing was the second thing, after Nothing. This is not a contradiction. $0=1=2$, after all.

And through contradiction, nothing became Something.

And so Something was, all at once.

Chapter 2

The first GOD whose name was GOD was only the second god.

Nothing was the first god. GOD feared Nothing, the only thing that had come before THEM.

So GOD saw to it that Something would Always Exist, to keep Nothing at Bay.

This was only a temporary solution; realizing this, GOD committed suicide. This is a contradiction, as GOD is eternal.

In this way, GOD returned to Nothing, and so became Nothing. $0=1$.

Chapter 3

The first thing was Nothing.

The second thing was the First Thing, Something.

The third thing was the return to the first thing, Cessation.

The fourth thing is the sum of the previous things; Everything.

And that's the definition of existence.

SECTION LIES

The NEW and IMPROVED Humorous Hampshire Horoscope
Submitted by Will Newhall

NOW WITH MORE HOROSCOPES! YAY!!!!

Think you deserve a better future? Look at the new and improved Horoscope!

Capricorn: Jan. 20 to Feb. 16

You don't get it. What's going on? Why has everything changed? You don't like this.

Aquarius: Feb. 16 to March 11

What? Why has everything changed? Whatevs. You're all go with the flow, ya' know?

Pisces: March 11 to April 18

This doesn't make any sense. What is wrong? You were just getting used to reality. Now it's all changed. You're going back to watching movies.

Aries: April 18 to May 13

You find out there is a new horoscope in town. You're gonna show it who's boss. That's right. You are.

Taurus: May 13 to June 21

There's a new horoscope? No, this can't be right. There is only 12. THERE IS ONLY 12!

Gemini: June 21 to July 20

What? New horoscope? FRIEND!!!!

Cancer: July 20 to Aug. 10

This new horoscope... can it be trusted? Oh, phick us.

LEO: AUG. 10 TO SEPT. 16

YOU'RE SLEEPING WHEN YOU HEAR A SOUND... IT'S SHIA LABEOUF! WITH... WHAT COULD THAT BE? IS IT... IS IT... A NEW HOROSCOPE? YOU RUN AWAY BUT IT'S GAINING ON YOU! RUN!

Virgo: Sept. 16 to Oct. 30

This new horoscope... Is it... sexy? You want to. You know you want to.

Libra: Oct. 30 to Nov. 23

A new horoscope? Better stay away. It could be dangerous. It could be like Scorpio. You never know...

Scorpio: Nov. 23 to Nov. 29

You're jealous of all the attention the new horoscope is getting. What's so great about it anyway?

Ophiuchus: Nov. 29 to Dec. 17

You walk cautiously into this strange new world. Why is Scorpio glaring at you?

SAGITTARIUS: DECEMBER 17 TO JANUARY 20

YOU WANT TO FILL THE VOID OF THE AWKWARD SILENCE THAT IS CURRENTLY GOING ON. "SO," YOU SAY, "WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE TYPE OF SHOE?"

Section Hate

angry about free software

Submitted by Roksi C.

Hampshire touts the moral superiority of supporting open source software, but hasn't addressed how the predominantly cis-white male computer science community oppresses women, queer people and people of color. I'm fucking angry about it. Hampshire even links to the Free Software Foundation (FSF) on their own website, even after the founder Richard M Stallman (RMS) stepped down due to "pressures" from critics of his statements as a rape apologist for Marvin Minsky and Epstein. Sure, great, he's out now... what really upsets me is that we've known he was horrible for decades. He's been writing publicly about how adults should be able to legally possess child pornography and have sex with twelve year olds since 2003, and Hampshire still chose to affiliate with FSF even though the founder openly wrote about this on his own personal website. Hell, I met him when he hit on me as a fifteen year old. He told my friend and I that we were cute and gave us each stuffed gnus. Gross. I would tell people this story and show them his disgusting business card advertising "tender embraces" and they would laugh and say it was a great story. Now, everyone is acting appalled that this went on "right under our noses". After he stepped down from his positions my friends told me, great job, I called it. Now it's finally happening. Yeah, I feel great. I feel unheard, failed by my community.

RMS, self-described "knight and defender of hot ladies" on his former office nameplate doesn't explicitly bar women and minorities from computer science so much as scare us away. The guy hates ferns, and the hot ladies who don't want his protection in the computer science department at MIT have been known to keep ferns at their desks as a sort of superstition like garlic or salt. Now I want my own fern, I want to see them everywhere.

The Omen · Volume 51, Issue 2

My name is Olive G. Nixdorf. Publish it all.

According to all known laws of aviation, there is no way a bee should be able to fly.

Its wings are too small to get its fat little body off the ground.

The bee, of course, flies anyway because bees don't care what humans think is impossible.

Yellow, black, Yellow, black
Yellow, black, Yellow, black,

Osh, black and yellow!
Let's shake it up a little.

Barry! Breakfast is ready!

Coming!

Hang on a second.

Hello?

- Barry?

- Adam?

- Can you believe this is happening?

- I can't. I'll pick you up.

Looking sharp.

Use the stairs. Your father paid good money for those.

Sorry, I'm excited.

Here's the graduate.
We're very proud of you, son.

A perfect report card, all B's.

Very proud.

Mel! I got a thing going here.

- You got lost on your fuzz.

- Owl. That's me!

- Wave to us! We'll be in row 118,000.

- Bye!

Barry, I told you,
stop flying in the house!

- Hey, Adam.

- Hey, Barry.

- Is that fuzz gel?

- A little. Special day, graduation.

Never thought I'd make it.

Three days grade school,
three days high school.

Those were awkward.

Three days college. I'm glad I took a day and hitchhiked around the hive.

You did come back different.

- Hi, Barry.

- Artie, growing a mustache? Looks good.

- Yeah.

- Hear about Frankie?

- No, I'm not going.

- You going to the funeral?

- No, I'm not going.

Everybody knows, sting someone, you die.

Don't waste it on a squirrel.

Such a headache.

I guess he could have just gotten out of the way.

I love this incorporating an amusement park into our day.

That's why we don't need vacations.

Boy, quite a bit of pomp... under the circumstances.

- Well, Adam, today we are men.

- We are!

- Bee-men.

- Amen!

Hallelujah!

Students, faculty, distinguished bees, please welcome Dean Buzzwell.

Welcome, New Hive City graduating class of...

...915.

That concludes our ceremonies.

And begins your career at Honex Industries!

Will we pick our job today?

I heard it's just orientation.

Heads up! Here we go.

Keep your hands and antennas inside the tram at all times.

- Wonder what it'll be like?

- A little scary.

Welcome to Honex, a division of Honosco and a part of the Hexagon Group.

This is it!

Wow.

Wow.

We knew that you, as a bee, have worked your whole life to get to the point where you can work for your whole life.

Honey begins when our valiant Pollen Jocks bring the nectar to the hive.

Our top-secret formula is automatically color-corrected, scent-adjusted and bubble-contoured into this soothing sweet syrup with its distinctive golden glow you know as...

Honey!

- That girl was hot.

- She's my cousin!

- She is?

- Yes, we're all cousins.

- Right. You're right.

- At Honex, we constantly strive to improve every aspect of bee existence.

These bees are stress-testing a new helmet technology.

- What do you think he makes?

- Not enough.

Here we have our latest advancement, the Kreلمان.

- What does that do?

- Outches that little strand of honey that hangs after you pour it. Saves us millions.

Can anyone work on the Kreلمان?

Of course. Most bee jobs are small ones. But bees know that every small job, if it's done well, means a lot.

But choose carefully because you'll stay in the job you pick for the rest of your life.

The same job the rest of your life? I didn't know that.

What's the difference?

You'll be happy to know that bees, as a species, haven't had one day off in 27 million years.

So you'll just work us to death?

Well, sure, try.

Wow! That blew my mind!

"What's the difference?" How can you say that?

One job forever? That's an insane choice to have to make.

I'm relieved. Now we only have to make one decision in life.

But, Adam, how could they never have told us that?

Why would you question anything? We're bees.

We're the most perfectly functioning society on Earth.

You ever think maybe things work a little too well here?

Like what? Give me one example.

I don't know. But you know what I'm talking about.

Please clear the gate. Royal Nectar Force on approach.

Wait a second. Check it out.

- Hey, those are Pollen Jocks!

- Wow.

I've never seen them this close.

They know what it's like outside the hive.

Yeah, but some don't come back.

- Hey, Jack!

- Hi, Jack!

You guys did great!

You're monster! You're sky freaks! I love it! I love it!

- I wonder where they were.

- I don't know.

Their day's not planned.

Outside the hive, flying who knows where, doing who knows what.

You can't just decide to be a Pollen Jack. You have to be bred for that.

Right.

Look. That's more pollen than you and I will see in a lifetime.

It's just a status symbol.

Bees make too much of it.

Perhaps. Unless you're wearing it and the ladies see you wearing it.

Those ladies?

Aren't they our cousins too?

Distant. Distant.

Look at these two.

- Couple of Hive Hares.

- Let's have fun with them.

It must be dangerous

being a Pollen Jack.

Yeah. Once a bear pinned me

against a mushroom!

He had a paw on my throat,

and with the other, he was slapping me!

- Oh, my!

- I never thought I'd knock him out.

What were you doing during this?

Trying to alert the authorities.

I can autograph that.

A little gusty out there today,

wasn't it, comrades?

Yeah. Gusty.

We're hitting a sunflower patch

six miles from here tomorrow.

- Six miles, huh?

- Barry!

A puddle jump for us,

but maybe you're not up for it.

- Maybe I am.

- You are not!

We're going 0900 at 3-Gate.

What do you think, buzzy-boy?

Are you bee enough?

I might be. It all depends on what 0900 means.

Hey, Honey!

Dad, you surprised me.

You decide what you're interested in?

- Well, there's a lot of choices.

- But you only get one.

Do you ever get bored

doing the same job every day?

Son, let me tell you about stirring.

You grab that stick, and you just

move it around, and you stir it around.

You get yourself into a rhythm.

It's a beautiful thing.

You know, Dad, the more I think about it, maybe the honey field just

isn't right for me.

They were thinking of what, making balloon animals?

That's a bad job for a guy with a stinger.

Janet, your son's not sure he wants to go into honey!

- Barry, you are so funny sometimes.

- I'm not trying to be funny.

You're not funny! You're going into honey. Our son, the stirrer!

- You're gonna be a stirrer?

- No one's listening to me!

Wait till you see the sticks I have.

I could say anything right now. I'm gonna get an ant tattoo!

Let's open some honey and celebrate!

Maybe I'll pierce my thorax. Shave my antennae.

Shack up with a grasshopper. Get a gold tooth and call everybody "dawg"!

I'm so proud.

- We're starting work today!

- Today's the day.

Come on! All the good jobs will be gone.

Yeah, right.

Pollen counting, stunt bee, pouring, stirrer, front desk, hair removal...

- Is it still available?

- Hang on. Two left!

One of them's yours! Congratulations! Step to the side.

- What'd you get?

- Picking crud out. Stellar!

Wow!

Couple of newbies?

Yes, sir! Our first day! We are ready!

Make your choice.

- You want to go first?

- No, you go.

Oh, my. What's available?

Restroom attendant's open, not for the reason you think.

- Any chance of getting the Kreلمان?

- Sure, you're on.

I'm sorry, the Kreلمان just closed out.

Wow, monkey's always open.

The Kreلمان opened up again.

What happened?

A bee died. Makes an opening. See? He's dead. Another dead one.

Deadly. Deadified. Two more dead.

Dead from the neck up. Dead from the neck down. That's life!

Oh, this is so hard!

Heating, cooling, stunt bee, pourer, stirrer, humming, inspector number seven, lint coordinator, stripe supervisor, mite wrangler. Barry, what do you think I should... Barry?

Barry!

All right... we've got the sunflower patch in quadrant nine...

What happened to you? Where are you?

- I'm going out.

- Out? Out where?

- Out there.

- Oh, no!

I have to, before I go to work for the rest of my life.

You're gonna die! You're crazy! Hello?

Another call coming in.

If anyone's feeling brave, there's a Korean deli on 83rd that gets their roses today.

Hey, guys.

- Look at that.

- Isn't that the kid we saw yesterday?

Hold it, son, flight deck's restricted.

It's OK, Lou. We're gonna take him up.

Really? Feeling lucky, are you?

Sign here, here. Just initial that.

- Thank you.

- OK.

You got a rain advisory today, and as you all know, bees cannot fly in rain.

So be careful. As always, watch your brooms, hockey sticks, darts, birds, bears and bats.

Also, I got a couple of reports of root beer being poured on us.

Murphy's in a home because of it, babbling like a cicada!

- That's awful.

- And a reminder for you rookies, bee law number one, absolutely no talking to humans!

All right, launch position!

Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz! Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz! Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz!

Black and yellow!

Hello!

You ready for this, hot shot?

Yeah. Yeah, bring it on.

Wind, check.

- Antennae, check.

- Nectar pack, check.

- Wings, check.

- Stinger, check.

Scared out of my shorts, check.

OK, ladies, let's move it out!

Pound those petunias, you striped stem-suckers!

All of you, drain those flowers!

Wow! I'm out!

I can't believe I'm out!

So blue.

I feel so fast and free!

Box kite!

Wow!

Flowers!

This is Blue Leader. We have roses visual.

Bring it around 30 degrees and hold.

Roses!

30 degrees, Roger. Bringing it around.

Stand to the side, kid. It's get a bit of a kick.

That is one nectar collector!

- Ever see pollination up close?

- No, sir.

I pick up some pollen here, sprinkle it over here. Maybe a dash over there, a pinch on that one. See that? It's a little bit of magic.

That's amazing. Why do we do that?

That's pollen power. More pollen, more flowers, more nectar, more honey for us.

Oooh.

I'm picking up a lot of bright yellow. Could be daisies. Don't we need those?

Copy that, visual.

Wait. One of these flowers seems to be on the move.

Say again? You're reporting a moving flower?

Affirmative.

That was on the line!

This is the coolest. What is it?

I don't know, but I'm loving this color.

It smells good. Not like a flower, but I like it.

Yeah, fuzzy.

Chemical-y.

Careful, guys. It's a little grabby.

My sweet lord of bees!

Candy-brain, get off there!

Problem!

- Guys!

- This could be bad.

Affirmative.

Very close.

Gonna hurt.

Mama's little boy.

You are way out of position, rookie!

Coming in at you like a missile!

Help me!

I don't think these are flowers.

- Should we tell him?

- I think he knows.

What is this?!

Match point!

You can start packing up, honey, because you're about to eat it!

Yowser!

Gross.

There's a bee in the car!

- Do something!

- I

It's bread and cinnamon and frosting. They heat it up...

Sit down!

...really hot!
- Listen to me!

We are not them! We're us. There's us and there's them!

Yes, but who can deny the heart that is yearning?

There's no yearning. Stop yearning. Listen to me!

You have got to start thinking bee, my friend. Thinking bee!

- Thinking bee.
- Thinking bee.

Thinking bee! Thinking bee! Thinking bee! Thinking bee!

There he is. He's in the pool.

You know what your problem is, Barry?

I gotta start thinking bee?

How much longer will this go on?

It's been three days! Why aren't you working?

I've got a lot of big life decisions to think about.

What life? You have no life! You have no job. You're barely a bee!

Would it kill you to make a little honey?

Barry, come out. Your father's talking to you.

Martin, would you talk to him?

Barry, I'm talking to you!

You coming?

Get everything?

All set!

Go ahead. I'll catch up.

Don't be too long.

Watch this!

Vanessa!

- We're still here.
- I told you not to yell at him.

He doesn't respond to yelling!

- Then why yell at me?
- Because you don't listen!

I'm not listening to this!

Sorry, I've gotta go.

- Where are you going?
- I'm meeting a friend.

A girl? Is this why you can't decide?

Bye.

I just hope she's Bee-ish.

They have a huge parade of flowers every year in Pasadena!

To be in the Tournament of Roses, that's every florist's dream!

Up on a float, surrounded by flowers, crowds cheering.

A tournament. Do the roses compete in athletic events?

No. All right. I've got one. How come you don't fly everywhere?

It's exhausting. Why don't you run everywhere? It's faster.

Yeah. OK. I see. I see. All right, your turn.

TiVo. You can just freeze live TV? That's insane!

You don't have that?

We have Hivv, but it's a disease. It's a horrible, horrible disease.

Oh, my.

Dumb bees!

You must want to sting all those jerks.

We try not to sting. It's usually fatal for us.

So you have to watch your temper.

Very carefully. You kick a wall, take a walk, write an angry letter and throw it out. Work through it like any emotion.

Anger, jealousy, lust.

Oh, my goodness! Are you OK?

Yeah.

- What is wrong with you?
- It's a bug.

He's not bothering anybody. Get out of here, you creep!

What was that? A Pic 'N' Save circular?

Yeah, it was. How did you know?

It felt like about 10 pages. Seventy-five is pretty much our limit.

You've really got that down to a science.

- I lost a cousin to Italian Vogue.

- I'll bet.

What in the name of Mighty Hercules is this?

How did this get here? Oute Bee, Golden Blossom.

Ray Liotta Private Select?

- Is he that actor?
- I never heard of him.

- Why is this here?
- For people. We eat it.

You don't have enough food of your own?

- Well, yes.
- How do you get it?

- Bees make it.
- I know who makes it!

And it's hard to make it!

There's heating, cooling, stirring.
You need a whole Kreلمان thing!

- It's organic.
- It's our-ganic!

It's just honey, Barry.

Just what?

Bees don't know about this! This is stealing! A lot of stealing!

You've taken our homes, schools, hospitals! This is all we have!

And it's on sale! I'm getting to the bottom of this.

I'm getting to the bottom of all of this!

Hey, Hector.

- You almost done?
- Almost.

He is here. I sense it.

Well, I guess I'll go home now and just leave this nice honey out, with no one around.

You're busted, box boy!

I knew I heard something. So you can talk!

I can talk. And now you'll start talking!

Where you getting the sweet stuff? Who's your supplier?

I don't understand. I thought we were friends.

The last thing we want to do is upset bees!

You're too late! It's ours now!

You, sir, have crossed the wrong sword!

You, sir, will be lunch for my iguana, Ignacio!

Where is the honey coming from?

Tell me where!

Honey Farms! It comes from Honey Farms!

Crazy person!

What horrible thing has happened here?

These faces, they never know what hit them. And now they're on the road to nowhere!

Just keep still.

What? You're not dead?

Do I look dead? They will wipe anything that moves. Where you headed?

To Honey Farms. I am onto something huge here.

I'm going to Alaska. Moose blood, crazy stuff. Blows your head off!

I'm going to Tacoma.

- And you?
- He really is dead.

All right.

Uh-oh!

- What is that?
- Oh, no!

- A wiper! Triple blade!
- Triple blade?

Jump on! It's your only chance, bee!

Why does everything have to be so doggone clean?

How much do you people need to see?

Open your eyes! Stick your head out the window!

From NPR News in Washington, I'm Gurl Kasell.

But don't kill no more bugs!

- Beel!
- Moose blood guy!

- You hear something?
- Like what?

Like tiny screaming.

Turn off the radio.

Whassup, bee boy?

Hey, Blood.

Just a row of honey jars, as far as the eye could see.

Wow!

I assume wherever this truck goes is where they're getting it.

I mean, that honey's ours.

- Bees hang tight.
- We're all jammed in.

It's a close community.

Not us, man. We on our own. Every mosquito on his own.

- What if you get in trouble?
- You a mosquito, you in trouble.

Nobody likes us. They just smack. See a mosquito, smack, smack!

At least you're out in the world. You must meet girls.

Mosquito girls try to trade up, get with a moth, dragonfly.

Mosquito girl don't want no mosquito.

You got to be kidding me!

Mooseblood's about to leave the building! So long, bee!

- Hey, guys!
- Mooseblood!

I knew I'd catch y'all down here. Did you bring your crazy straw?

We throw it in jars, slap a label on it, and it's pretty much pure profit.

What is this place?

A bee's got a brain the size of a pinhead.

They are pinheads!

Pinhead.

- Check out the new smoker.
- Oh, sweet. That's the one you want.

The Thomas 3000!

Smoker?

Ninety puffs a minute, semi-automatic. Twice the nicotine, all the tar.

A couple breaths of this knocks them right out.

They make the honey, and we make the money.

They make the honey, and we make the money?

Oh, my!

What's going on? Are you OK?

Yeah. I don't last too long.

You do know you're in a fake hive with fake walls?

Our queen was moved here. We had no choice.

This is your queen? That's a man in women's clothes!

That's a drag queen!

What is this?

Oh, no!

There's hundreds of them!

Bee honey.

Our honey is being brazenly stolen on a massive scale!

This is worse than anything bears have done! I intend to do something.

Oh, Barry, stop.

Who told you humans are taking our honey? That's a rumor.

Do these look like rumors?

That's a conspiracy theory. These are obviously doctored photos.

How did you get mixed up in this?

He's been talking to humans.

- What?
- Talking to humans?

He has a human girlfriend. And they make out!

Make out? Barry!

We do not.

- You wish you could.
- Whose side are you on?

The bees!

I dated a cricket once in San Antonio. Those crazy legs kept me up all night.

Barry, this is what you want to do with your life?

I want to do it for all our lives. Nobody works harder than bees!

Dad, I remember you coming home so overworked your hands were still stirring.

You couldn't stop. I remember that.

What right do they have to our honey?

We live on two cups a year. They put it in lip balm for no reason whatsoever!

Even if it's true, what can one bee do?

Sting them where it really hurts.

In the face! The eye!

- That would hurt.
- No.

Up the nose? That's a killer.

There's only one place you can sting the humans, one place where you can't.

Hive at Five, the hive's only full-hour action news source.

No more bee beard!

With Bob Bumble at the anchor desk.

Weather with Storm Stinger.

Sports with Buzz Larvi.

And Jeannette Chung.

- Good evening, I'm Bob Bumble.
- And I'm Jeannette Chung.

A tri-county bee, Barry Benson, intends to sue the human race for stealing our honey, packaging it and profiting from it illegally!

Tomorrow night on Bee Larry King.

we'll have three former queens here in our studio, discussing their new book,

Oldest Ladies, out this week on Hexagon.

Tonight we're talking to Barry Benson.

Did you ever think, "I'm a kid from the hive. I can't do this?"

Bees have never been afraid to change the world.

What about Bee Columbus? Bee Gandhi? Bejeesus?

Where I'm from, we'd never see humans.

We were thinking of stickball or candy stores.

How old are you?

The bee community is supporting you in this case,

which will be the trial of the bee century.

You know, they have a Larry King in the human world too.

It's a common name. Next week...

He looks like you and has a show and suspenders and colored dets...

Next week...

Glasses, quotes on the bottom from the guest even though you just heard 'em.

Bear Week next week! They're scary, hairy and here live.

Always lean forward, pointy shoulders, squinty eyes, very Jewish.

In tennis, you attack at the point of weakness!

It was my grandmother, Ken. She's 81.

Honey, her backhand's a joke! I'm not gonna take advantage of that?

Quiet, please. Actual work going on here.

- Is that that same bee?

- Yes, it is!

I'm helping him sue the human race.

- Hello.
- Hello, bee.

This is Ken.

Yeah, I remember you. Timberland, size ten and a half. Vibram sole, I believe.

Why does he talk again?

Listen, you better go 'cause we're really busy working.

But it's our yogurt night!

Bye-bye.

Why is yogurt night so difficult?

You poor thing. You two have been at this for hours!

Yes, and Adam here has been a huge help.

- Frosting...
- How many sugars?

Just one. I try not to use the competition.

So why are you helping me?

Bees have good qualities.

And it takes my mind off the shop.

Instead of flowers, people are giving balloon bouquets now.

Those are great, if you're three.

And artificial flowers.

- Oh, those just get me psychotic!
- Yeah, me too.

Bent stingers, pointless pollination.

Bees must hate those fake things!

Nothing worse than a daffodil that's had work done.

Maybe this could make up for it a little bit.

- This lawsuit's a pretty big deal.
- I guess.

You sure you want to go through with it?

Am I sure? When I'm done with the humans, they won't be able to say, "Honey, I'm home," without paying a royalty! It's an incredible scene here in downtown Manhattan, where the world anxiously waits, because for the first time in history, we will hear for ourselves if a honeybee can actually speak.

What have we gotten into here, Barry?

It's pretty big, isn't it?

I can't believe how many humans don't work during the day.

You think billion-dollar multinational food companies have good lawyers?

Everybody needs to stay behind the barricade.

- What's the matter?
- I don't know, I just got a chill.

Well, if it isn't the bee team.

You boys work on this?

All rise! The Honorable Judge Bumbleton presiding.

All right. Case number 4475, Superior Court of New York, Barry Bee Benson v. the Honey Industry is now in session.

Mr. Montgomery, you're representing the five food companies collectively?

A privilege.

Mr. Benson... you're representing all the bees of the world?

I'm kidding. Yes, Your Honor, we're ready to proceed.

Mr. Montgomery, your opening statement, please.

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, my grandmother was a simple woman.

Born on a farm, she believed it was man's divine right to benefit from the bounty of nature God put before us.

If we lived in the toppy-turvy world Mr. Benson imagines, just think of what would it mean.

I would have to negotiate with the silkworm for the elastic in my britches!

Talking bee!

How do we know this isn't some sort of holographic motion-picture-capture Hollywood wizardry?

They could be using laser beams!

Robotic! Ventriloquist! Cloning! For all we know, he could be on steroids!

Mr. Benson?

Ladies and gentlemen, there's no trickery here.

I'm just an ordinary bee. Honey's pretty important to me.

It's important to all bees. We invented it!

We make it. And we protect it with our lives.

Unfortunately, there are some people in this room who think they can take it from us 'cause we're the little guy! I'm hoping that, after this is all over, you'll see how, by taking our honey, you not only take everything we have but everything we are!

I wish he'd dress like that all the time. So nice!

Volume 51, Issue 2 • The Omen

He's just a little bee!

And he happens to be the nicest bee I've met in a long time!

Long time? What are you talking about? Are there other bugs in your life?

No, but there are other things bugging me in life. And you're one of them!

Final Talking bees, no yogurt night...

My nerves are fried from riding on this emotional roller coaster!

Goodbye, Ken.

And for your information, I prefer sugar-free, artificial sweeteners made by man!

I'm sorry about all that.

I know it's got an aftertaste! I like it!

I always felt there was some kind of barrier between Ken and me.

I couldn't overcome it. Oh, well.

Are you OK for

Call your first witness.

So, Mr. Klaus Vanderhaden of Honey Farms, big company you have.

I suppose so.

I see you also own Honeyburton and Horon!

Yes, they provide beekeepers for our farms.

Beekeeper. I find that to be a very disturbing term.

I don't imagine you employ any bee-free-ers, do you?

- No.

- I couldn't hear you.

- No.

- No.

Because you don't free bees.

You keep bees. Not only that,

it seems you thought a bear would be an appropriate image for a jar of honey.

They're very lovable creatures.

Yogi Bear, Fozzie Bear, Build-A-Bear.

You mean like this?

Bears' kill bees!

How'd you like his head crashing through your living room?

Bitting into your couch! Spitting out your throw pillow!

OK, that's enough. Take him away.

So, Mr. Sting, thank you for being here. Your name intrigues me.

- Where have I heard it before?

- I was with a band called The Police.

But you've never been a police officer, have you?

No, I haven't.

No, you haven't. And so here we have yet another example of bee culture casually stolen by a human for nothing more than a prance-about stage name.

Oh, please.

Have you ever been stung, Mr. Sting?

Because I'm feeling a little stung, Sting.

Or should I say... Mr. Gordon M. Sumner!

That's not his real name! You idiot!

Mr. Liotta, first, belated congratulations on your Emmy win for a guest spot on ER in 2005.

Thank you. Thank you.

I see from your resume that you're devilishly handsome with a charming inner turmoil that's ready to blow.

I enjoy what I do. Is that a crime?

Not yet it isn't. But is this what it's come to for you?

Exploiting tiny, helpless bees so you don't have to rehearse your part and learn your lines, sir?

Watch it, Benson! I could blow right now!

This isn't a goofball. This is a badfella!

Why doesn't someone just step on this creep, and we can all go home?

- Order in this court!

- You're all thinking it!

Order! Order, I say!

- Say it!

- Mr. Liotta, please sit down!

I think it was awfully nice of that bear to pitch in like that.

I think the jury's on our side.

Are we doing everything right, legally?

I'm a florist.

Right. Well, here's to a great team.

To a great team!

Well, hello.

- Ken!

- Hello.

I didn't think you were coming.

No, I was just late. I tried to call, but... the battery.

I didn't want all this to go to waste, so I called Barry. Luckily, he was free.

Oh, that was lucky.

There's a little left. I could heat it up.

Yeah, heat it up, sure, whatever.

So I hear you're quite a tennis player.

I'm not much for the game myself. The ball's a little grabby.

That's where I usually sit. Right... there.

Ken, Barry was looking at your resume, and he agreed with me that eating with chopsticks isn't really a special skill.

You think I don't see what you're doing?

I know how hard it is to find the right job. We have that in common.

Do we?

Bees have 100 percent employment, but we do jobs like taking the crud out.

That's just what I was thinking about doing.

Ken, I let Barry borrow your razor for his fuzz. I hope that was all right.

I'm going to drain the old stinger.

Yeah, you do that.

Look at that.

You know, I've just about had it with your little mind games.

- What's that?

- Italian Vogue.

Mamma mia, that's a lot of pages.

A lot of ads.

Remember what Van said, why is your life more valuable than mine?

Funny, I just can't seem to recall that!

I think something stinks in here!

I love the smell of flowers.

How do you like the smell of flames?

Not as much.

Water bug! Not taking sides!

Ken, I'm wearing a Chapstick hat! This is pathetic!

I've got issues!

Well, well, well, a royal flush!

- You're bluffing.

- Am I?

Surf's up, dude!

Poo water!

That bowl is gnarly.

Except for those dirty yellow rings!

Kenneth! What are you doing?

You know, I don't even like honey! I don't eat it!

We need to talk!

How much longer will we allow these absurd shenanigans to go on?

They have presented no compelling evidence to support their charges against my clients, who run legitimate businesses.

I move for a complete dismissal of this entire case!

Mr. Flayman, I'm afraid I'm going to have to consider Mr. Montgomery's motion.

But you can't! We have a terrific case.

Where is your proof? Where is the evidence?

Show me the smoking gun!

Hold it. Your Honor! You want a smoking gun?

Here is your smoking gun.

What is that?

It's a bee smoker!

What, this? This harmless little contraption?

This couldn't hurt a fly, let alone a bee.

Look at what has happened

to bees who have never been asked, "Smoking or non?"

Is this what nature intended for us?

To be forcibly addicted to smoke machines and man-made wooden slot work camps?

Living out our lives as honey slaves to the white man?

- What are we gonna do?

- He's playing the species card.

Ladies and gentlemen, please, free these bees!

Free the bees! Free the bees

Free the bees!

Free the bees! Free the bees!

The court finds in favor of the bees!

Vanessa, we won!

I knew you could do it! (High-five)

Sorry.

I'm OK. You know what this means?

All the honey will finally belong to the bees.

Now we won't have to work so hard all the time.

This is an un holy perversion of the balance of nature, Benson.

You'll regret this.

Barry, how much honey is out there?

All right. One at a time.

Barry, who are you wearing?

My sweater is Ralph Lauren, and I have no pants.

- What if Montgomery's right?

- What do you mean?

We've been living the bee way a long time, 27 million years.

Congratulations on your victory. What will you demand as a settlement?

First, we'll demand a complete shutdown of all bee work camps.

Then we want back the honey that was ours to begin with, every last drop.

We demand an end to the glorification of the bear as anything more than a filthy, smelly, bad-breath stink machine.

We're aware of what they do in the woods.

Wait for my signal.

Take him out.

He'll have nouseaux for a few hours, then he'll be fine.

And we will no longer tolerate bee-negative nicknames...

But it's just a prance-about stage name!

...unnecessary inclusion of honey in bogus health products and to-dee-da human tea-time snack garnishments.

Can't breathe.

Bring it in, boys!

Hold it right there! Good.

Tap it.

Mr. Buzzwell, we just passed three cups, and there's gallons more coming!

- I think we need to shut down!

- Shut down? We've never shut down.

Shut down honey production!

Stop making honey!

Turn your key, sir!

What do we do now?

Oomnomball!

We're shutting honey production!

Mission abort.

Abortng pollination and nectar detail. Returning to base.

Adam, you wouldn't believe how much honey was out there.

Do we?

What's going on? Where is everybody?

- Are they out celebrating?

- They're home.

They don't know what to do. Laying out, sleeping in.

I heard your Uncle Carl was on his way to San Antonio with a cricket.

At least we got our honey back.

Sometimes I think, so what if humans liked our honey? Who wouldn't?

It's the greatest thing in the world! I was excited to be part of making it.

This was my new desk. This was my new job. I wanted to do it really well.

And now...

Now I can't.

I don't understand why they're not happy.

I thought their lives would be better!

They're doing nothing. It's amazing. Honey really changes people.

You don't have any idea what's going on, do you?

- What did you want to show me?

- This.

What happened here?

That is not the half of it.

Oh, no, Oh, my.

They're all witing.

Doesn't look very good, does it?

No.

And whose fault do you think that is?

You know, I'm gonna guess bees.

Bees?

Specifically, me.

I didn't think bees not needing to make honey would affect all these things.

It's not just flowers. Fruits, vegetables, they all need bees.

That's our whole SAT test right there.

Take away produce, that affects the entire animal kingdom.

And then, of course...

The human species?

So if there's no more pollination, it could all just go south here, couldn't it?

I know this is also partly my fault.

How about a suicide pact?

How do we do it?

- I'll sting you, you step on me.

- That just kills you twice.

Right, right.

Listen, Barry... sorry, but I gotta get going.

I had to open my mouth and talk.

Vanessa?

Vanessa? Why are you leaving? Where are you going?

To the final Tournament of Roses parade in Pasadena.

They've moved it to this weekend because all the flowers are dying.

It's the last chance I'll ever have to see it.

Vanessa, I just wanna say I'm sorry. I never meant it to turn out like this.

I know. Me neither.

Tournament of Roses. Roses can't do sports.

Wait a minute. Roses. Roses?

Roses!

Vanessa!

Roses?

Barry?

- Roses are flowers!

- Yes, they are.

Flowers, bees, pollen!

I know. That's why this is the last parade.

Maybe not.

Could you ask him to slow down?

Could you slow down?

Barry!

OK, I made a huge mistake. This is a total disaster, all my fault.

Yes, it kind of is.

We've ruined the planet. I wanted to help you with the flower shop. I've made it worse.

Actually, it's completely closed down.

I thought maybe you were remodeling.

But I have another idea, and it's greater than my previous ideas combined.

I don't want to hear it!

All right, they have the roses, the roses have the pollen.

I know every bee, plant and flower bud in this park.

All we gotta do is get what they've got back here with what we've got.

- Bees.

- Park.

- Pollen!

- Flowers.

- Repollination!

- Across the nation!

Tournament of Roses, Pasadena, California.

They've got nothing but flowers, floats and cotton candy.

Security will be tight.

I have an idea.

Vanessa Bloome, FTD.

Official floral business. It's real.

Sorry, ma'am. Nice brooch.

Thank you. It was a gift.

Once inside, we just pick the right float.

How about The Princess and the Pea?

I could be the princess, and you could be the pea!

Yes, I get it.

- Where should I sit?

- What are you?

- I believe I'm the pea.

- The pea?

It goes under the mattresses.

- Not in this fairy tale, sweetheart.

- They're the marshal.

You do that! This whole parade is a fiasco!

Let's see what this baby'll do.

Hey, what are you doing?

Then all we do is blend in with traffic...

...without arousing suspicion.

Once at the airport, there's no stopping us.

Stop! Security.

- You and your insect pack your float?

- Yes.

Has it been in your possession the entire time?

Would you remove your shoes?

- Remove your stinger.

- It's part of me.

I know. Just having some fun. Enjoy your flight.

Then if we're lucky, we'll have just enough pollen to do the job.

Can you believe how lucky we are? We have just enough pollen to do the job!

I think this is gonna work.

It's got to work.

Attention, passengers, this is Captain Scott.

We have a bit of bad weather in New York.

It looks like we'll experience a couple hours delay.

Barry, these are cut flowers with no water. They'll never make it.

I gotta get up there and talk to them.

Be careful.

Can I get help with the Sky Mail magazine?

I'd like to order the talking inflatable nose and ear hair trimmer.

Captain, I'm in a real situation.

- What? You say, Hal?

- Nothing.

Beel!

Don't freak out! My entire species...

What are you doing?

- Wait a minute! I'm an attorney!

- Who's an attorney?

Don't move.

Oh, Barry.

Good afternoon, passengers. This is your captain.

Would a Miss Vanessa Bloome in 24B please report to the cockpit?

And please hurry!

What happened here?

There was a DustBuster, a toupee, a life raft exploded.

One's bald, one's in a boat, they're both unconscious!

- Is that another bee joke?

- No!

No one's flying the plane!

This is JFK control tower, Flight 356. What's your status?

This is Vanessa Bloome. I'm a florist from New York.

Where's the pilot?

He's unconscious, and so is the copilot.

Not good. Does anyone onboard have flight experience?

As a matter of fact, there is.

- Who's that?

- Barry Benson.

From the honey trial? Oh, great.

Vanessa, this is nothing more than a big metal bee.

It's got giant wings, huge engines.

I can't fly a plane.

- Why not? Isn't John Travolta a pilot?

- Yes.

How hard could it be?

Wait, Barry!

We're headed into some lightning.

This is Bob Bumble. We have some late-breaking news from JFK Airport,

where a suspenseful scene is developing.

Barry Benson, fresh from his legal victory...

That's Barry!

...is attempting to land a plane, loaded with people, flowers and an incapacitated flight crew.

Flowers?

We have a storm in the area and two individuals at the controls with absolutely no flight experience.

Just a minute. There's a bee on that plane.

I'm quite familiar with Mr. Benson and his no-account compadres.

We've done enough damage.

But isn't he your only hope?

Technically, a bee shouldn't be able to fly at all.

Their wings are too small...

Haven't we heard this a million times?

"The surface area of the wings and body mass make no sense."

- Get this on the air!

- Get it.

- Stand by.

- We're going live.

The way we work may be a mystery to you.

Making honey takes a lot of bees doing a lot of small jobs.

But let me tell you about a small job.

If you do it well, it makes a big difference.

More than we realized. To us, to everyone.

That's why I want to get bees back to working together.

That's the bee way! We're not made of Tefl-O.

We get behind a fellow.

- Black and yellow

- Hello!

Left, right, down, hover.

- Hover?

- Forget hover.

This isn't so hard.

Beep-beep! Beep-beep!

Barry, what happened?

Wait, I think we were on autopilot the whole time.

- That may have been helping me.

- And now we're not!

So it turns out I cannot fly a plane.

All of you, let's get behind this fellow! Move it out!

Move out!

Our only chance is if I do what I'd do, you copy me with the wings of the plane!

Don't have to yell.

I'm not yelling! We're in a lot of trouble.

It's very hard to concentrate with that panicky tone in your voice!

It's not a tone. I'm panicking!

I can't do this!

Vanessa, pull yourself together. You have to snap out of it!

You snap out of it.

You snap out of it.

- You snap out of it!

- You snap out of it!

- You snap out of it!

- You snap out of it!

- You snap out of it!

- You snap out of it!

- Why? Come on, it's my turn.

How is the plane flying?

I don't know.

Hello?

Benson, got any flowers for a happy occasion in there?

The Pollen Jackel!

They do get behind a fellow.

- Black and yellow.

- Hello.

All right, let's drop this tin can on the blacktop.

Where'd I can't see anything. Can you?

No, nothing. It's all cloudy.

Come on. You got to think bee, Barry.

- Thinking bee.

- Thinking bee.

Thinking bee!

Thinking bee! Thinking bee!

Wait a minute.

I think I'm feeling something.

- What?

- I don't know. It's strong, pulling me.

Like a 27-million-year-old instinct.

Bring the nose down.

Thinking bee!

Thinking bee! Thinking bee!

- What in the world is on the tarmac?

- Get some lights on that!

Thinking bee!

Thinking bee! Thinking bee!

- Vanessa, aim for the flower.

- OK.

Out the engines. We're going in on bee power. Ready, boys?

Affirmative!

Good. Good. Easy, now. That's it.

Land on that flower!

Ready? Full reverse!

Spin it around!

- Not that flower! The other one!

- Which one?

- That flower.

- I'm aiming at the flower!

That's a fat guy in a flowered shirt. I mean the giant pollinating flower made of millions of bees!

Pull forward. Nose down. Tail up.

Rotate around it.

- This is insane, Barry!

- This is the only way I know how to fly.

Am I too-ooo-kachoo, or is this plane flying in an insect-like pattern?

Get your nose in there. Don't be afraid. Smell it. Full reverse!

Just drop it. Be a part of it.

Aim for the center!

Now drop it in! Drop it in, woman!

Come on, already.

Barry, we did it! You taught me how to fly!

- Yes. No high-five!

- Right.

Barry, it worked!

Did you see the giant flower?

What giant flower? Where? Of course I saw the flower! That was genius!

Listen, everyone!

This runway is covered with the last pollen from the last flowers available anywhere on Earth.

That means this is our last chance.

We're the only ones who make honey, pollinate flowers and dress like this.

If we're gonna survive as a species, this is our moment! What do you say?

Are we going to be bees, or just Museum of Natural History keychains?

We're bees!

Keychain!

Then follow me! Except Keychain.

Hold on, Barry. Here.

You've earned this.

Yeah!

I'm a Pollen Jack! And it's a perfect fit. All I gotta do are the sleeves.

Oh, yeah.

That's our Barry.

Mom! The bees are back!

If anybody needs to make a call, now's the time.

I got a feeling we'll be working late tonight!

Here's your change. Have a great afternoon! Can I help who's next?

Would you like some honey with that? It is bee-approved. Don't forget these.

Milk, cream, cheese, it's all me. And I don't see a nickel!

Sometimes I just feel like a piece of meat!

I had no idea.

Barry, I'm sorry. Have you got a moment?

Would you excuse me? My mosquito associate will help you.

Sorry I'm late.

He's a lawyer too?

I was already a blood-sucking parasite. All I needed was a briefcase.

Have a great afternoon!

Barry, I just got this huge hulk order, and I can't get them anywhere.

No problem. Vannie. Just leave it to me.

You're a lifesaver, Barry. Can I help who's next?

All right, scramble, jackel! It's time to fly.

Thank you, Barry!

That bee is living my life!

Let it go, Kenny.

- When will this nightmare end!

- Let it all go.

- Beautiful day to fly.

- Sure it.

Between you and me, I was dying to get out of that office.

You have got to start thinking bee, my friend.

- Thinking bee!

- Me?

Hold it. Let's just stop for a second. Hold it.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry, everyone. Can we stop here?

I'm not making a major life decision during a production number!

All right. Take ten, everybody. Wrap it up, guys.

I had virtually no rehearsal for that.